

Sweetness in silence

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Summary: Snotlout and Spitelout fluff because they need to have some love. Enjoy)

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****HEY PEOPLE!** This is my first HTTYD fic so I hope it doesn't completely suck. Spitelout and Snotlout fluffiness because 1. They don't get enough love as father and son, 2. Not even Spitelout can be a hard case all the time. ENJOY! =)**

Snotlout was his little boy. Spitelout adored his son more than anything, but was never really able to show it to Snotlout in public. Spitelout Jorgensen, one of the toughest Vikings in Berk, who won the thawfest every year in his youth, and could never show affection for his son in front of others. He also had a legacy to hold up. He couldn't have his boy becoming soft and not living up to the Jorgensen name. He regretted every single time he yelled at, scolded, or in some way upset his dear child at all. That's why every night the two had a heart to heart in the privacy of their hut.

Spitelout walked up to the hearth and set to mugs on the low table in front of the couch. Snotlout walked over setting down a plate of sweets, neither of them would say it to anyone else, but shared a love of sweet food. They sat down and ate a bit before Spitelout looked over and smiled at his son. Neither of them was wearing their helmets so Spitelout moved his hand and stroked his son's dark brown hair so identical to his own. Snotlout smiled and leaned into his father's touch. Only a moment later Snotlout was snuggled into his father's side as Spitelout continued to stroke his hair.

Since the day Snotlout was born Spitelout was proud of him. Snotlout was big for a baby and big growing up. Spitelout always felt he was going to be just like his father. The boy hasn't let him down yet. That is until he almost lost the thawfest games for the first time in the history of the Jorgensen clan.

"No Jorgensen has ever lost the thawfest games. Don't you be the first."

He regretted saying that to his son. That night after the feast in the Great Hall the two Jorgensen men sat on their couch. Snotlout stayed away from his father, Spitelout looked over to the young man that was trying his best not to make eye contact with him.

"Snotlout why are you avoiding me like this boy-o?" Snotlout looked up to his father, his eyes said everything. Spitelout felt a wave of guilt wash over him.

"Snotty, I'm sorry about what I said before. I just wanted you to win, to keep the Jorgensen name on top, but I shouldn't have put so much pressure on you. We both know Hiccup is the best in dragon riding and I shouldn't have been angry with you. I really am sorry son."

Snotlout looked over to his father, tears stinging his eyes. He looked into Spitelout's eyes and saw he was telling the truth. Snotlout smiled and moved closer to his father. Spitelout put an arm around his son's shoulders and brought him close to his side.

"I know you're sorry dad, and I'm not mad at you. I was just upset because I thought I was going to disappoint you. I've never ever disappointed you before."

Spitelout's eyes went wide at this, it was true he's never been disappointed in his boy before, not even when he started training dragons. The man shifted slightly to wrap his child in a full hug. Snotlout was surprised but smiled and snuggled into his father's chest. Spitelout took off his helmet and took off Snotlout's as well. He then began to gently stroke his son's helmet tussled hair. Snotlout enjoyed the touch and began to feel tired.

"Heyâ€|dad?"

"Yes son."

"Hiccupâ€|threw the race."

"Yes Snotty, I know he did."

"You do?"

"Yes, it was obvious, but no one said anything about it."

"Why not?"

"Because they knew what pressure I was putting on you and that Hiccup really wanted to beat you. I think he say how panicked you were when you thought you were going to lose, so he faked difficulties and let you win."

"â€|It isn't right."

"That's just the way it is boy-o."

"Maybeâ€|maybe he'll let meâ€|.do a rematch."

"Maybe another day son, but right now I think you need to get yourself to bed."

"â€|..Okay."

Spitelout slowly released his son and helped him stand up. The two walked to Snotlout's room and Spitelout tucked his son into bed like a small child. Snotlout didn't seem to mind much. Spitelout ran his fingers threw his son's hair one last time before bending down and placing a light kiss on the top of his boy's head.

"Goodnight my Snotlout, I love you."

On the way out of the room Spitelout heard a small noise and turned around.

"Did you say something son?" Snotlout looked up from under his blankets.

"I said I love you to dad."

With that Snotlout closed his eyes and was right to sleep. Spitelout gave a small smile and shut the door.

'_You'll never disappoint me son, no matter what happens you will always be my little Snotty boy.' _Spitelout let out a yawn and headed to bed himself. He always said rest was for the weak, but after this day he was feeling very tired.

The End.

**Okay people that's that, hope you liked it. Please comment and tell me what you think. Just don't be mean alright. Bye-bye =) **

End
file.